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THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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No. 1.

A NOCTURNE.

Me thought I heard the leaflets ring
 Sweet chimes of praise;
Again I heard the bare bows sing
 The self-same lays.
Would God that I through youth and age,
 Through weal and woe,
When suns do shine and storms do rage,
 Might praise Him so!
 Out of the starless night
 Cometh the day;
 All the world groweth bright
 With the sun's ray;
 While the day waketh praise ye the Lord!

Noon gilds the flowery land,
 All nature sings;
Weep not when night's at hand—
 Night morning brings.
While the sun shineth praise ye the Lord!
 If the sun setteth soon,
 Autumn be here,
Halos surround the moon,
 Leaflets are sheer—
 While the earth dieth praise ye the Lord!
When winter's silver mist,
 With chilling breath,
All the bare trees has kiss'd
 Softly in death,
While the earth sleepeth praise ye the Lord!

I. F. ZIRCHER, '97.

THE STYLE OF NEWMAN.

“STYLE IS THE DRESS OF THOUGHT.”—CHESTER-FIELD.

True works of literature possess an excellence of expression which entitles them to rank as works of art. Like music, painting, sculpture and the like, literature is concerned mainly with the feelings. It is occupied with the numerous elementary emotions and passions which are a necessary part of human nature. Works of literature have, moreover, a beauty and power, an individuality of expression, which helps to make them both permanent and universal. Not only is there a value in the varying masterpieces, but there is a distinct and added worth in the manner in which the thought and feeling have been embodied. This is termed literary style. In a good book the writer expresses some deep thought and feeling, which, having infiltrated the little kingdom of his mind, impart the moral, intellectual, and literary status of the writer's heart and soul, just as the traveler's garments impart the odor of the flowers and shrubs through which he has passed. There is such a thing as making the style the expression of the writer's character and nature. The rhetorical arrangement of Johnson is often pedantic, but it does not appear so bad as in the monstrous masses of

verbiage beneath which the thin frames of his imitators are crushed. The style of Carlyle is faulty, when judged by the general rules of taste, but we should not desire the rough gallop of his sentences to be changed for the graceful ambling of Addison's without a corresponding change in his psychological condition.

Every great writer has a style of his own constructed according to the character of his mind and disposition. The style of Cardinal Newman has great merit not only for its vigor, clearness and compression, but also for the broad impress which it bears of the writer's nature. It is the unforced utterance of his intellect and is eminently Newman-like. There is a granite-like strength in its constructions. His writings contain the elements or fundamentals of a good style; uniformity of arrangement, unity of thought, clearness and precision. The precision and grasp of his mind gives him a fluency and large command of expression. He has none of the faults which spring from verbal copiousness and is never misled by his vocabulary. Words in his mind are not only masters but instruments. They seem selected or rather clutched by the faculty or feeling they serve. They never overload his meaning. In Cardinal Newman's style we always see that a presiding power of intellect regulates his use of terms. The amplitude of his comprehension is the source of his felicity of expression. He bends language into the shape of his thought and thus accomodates his thought to his language. The grave, high, earnest nature of the man looks out upon us from his well knit, massive

and compact sentences. We feel in reading him that he is a man whose greatness of mind and strength of thought could produce no feeble affectation.

From his style we perceive his own mental and moral constitution. There is a sinewy strength in his diction which gives it almost muscular power in forcing its way into the reader's heart and understanding. His essays, critical and historical, manifest that a self-sustained intellectual might is impressed on every page. Earnestness, solidity of judgment, elevation of sentiment, broad and generous views and a massive strength of expression characterize his lines. We feel in reading his lectures, sermons, letters, etc., that he is a man of principles. The ponderous strength of his powers strikes us not more forcibly than the broad individuality of the man. His "Apologia" indicates that the writer is a person who has struggled manfully against obstacles, who has developed his faculties by strenuous labors and who was an active and keen observer of men and nature. There is a manly simplicity and clearness in his mind and an energy in his feeling, which we must admire. The impressions of power we obtain from Newman—a power not merely of brain but of the heart and physical temperament, a power resulting from the mental and bodily constitution of the man, is the source of his hold upon our respect and admiration. In his "Grammar of Assent" we are struck by the general mental power he displays. We perceive in this essay the movement of an intellect strong enough to grapple with any

subject he treats of and capacious enough to comprehend it, both in itself and in its relations. Force and clearness of conception, exact analysis and skillful arrangement, a sharp logical ability and a keen insight, indicate a mind well calculated for the detection of error and the investigation of truth, a mind capable of testing the validity of principles by the process of reasoning and of penetrating through the hearty panoply of argument in which falsehood is often concealed. Folly, assumption, and fallacy however cunningly hid in metaphor or formula, can not stand the piercing glance of his intellect. He can tear away by his logical methods the labored defences of a sophism and exhibit it to the light in its deformity.

Newman the prelatical writer and subtle logician has a mind eminently comprehensive and discursive. Its range is so wide that there is no danger of it being fixed on one department of thought to the exclusion of others; his lofty principles, grave, generous and majestic sentiments, pervaded by deep feeling, are also manifested in that department of thought where fancy holds rightful dominion. In the exulting and inimitable work, *Callista*, we see his selection and collection of language, apt and expressive, and his diction glides easily into colloquial forms and sparkles with point and animation. In his "dream of Gerontius" the graphic lines are so true that they seem gifted with a voice and to speak to us from the page they illumine. The intensity of deep feeling with which they are permeated lift the reader's soul. Many examples might be selected in illustration of

that quality of mind, the intensity and condensation of expression which lends such wildness and beauty to his diction, and which will even make his works of estimable value to men of taste. The power of Card. Newman's mind, we think, is seen to best advantage when employed on questions relating to our holy Religion. He then displays a grandeur and elevation of thought, a ponderous might of expression, which convey a strong impression of the writer's greatness.

In these observations on the style of Newman, we have not attempted a complete analysis, nor followed him in any of his works in which it has been so ably exercised. We have rather taken a general view of his works, with reference to the large mental power they evince, and the elevated station they occupy as literary productions. We claim for his intellect a high honor; for, since his writings are eminently literary and constitute an important part in our literature, we can justly say that he is the most powerful prose writer in English literature. We associate his great genius with our Church and rejoice that we are Catholics. In reading Newman we feel a new pride in our Church and in the great men and principles it cherishes. Our mind feels an unwonted elevation and our heart is stirred with emotions of more than common depth by their majesty and power. Catholicity prompted the most majestic flights of Newman's eloquence. It has given intensity to his purposes and lent the richest glow to his genius. It made his utterances language of his heart.

We know how little justice can be done to a

great man unless we examine his works separately. In the case of an author like Newman, whose different powers interpenetrate each other, and produce by joint action one harmonious result, it requires a more potent alchemy than we can apply, thoroughly to resolve his different productions into the elements from whose combination they have sprung. Yet it is our pride and interest to indulge in studying the style of one who has disseminated the most elevated sentiments of our Religion, whose fame is worthy of the most noble praises and reflects honor on our Church.

We feel assured that it is ever with feelings of unalloyed pride and admiration that every Catholic student will ponder over the writings of Cardinal John Henry Newman.

I. F. ZIRCHER, '97.

ON WHEELS.

Francis Elgreen and George Angleton had just mounted their wheels and were riding toward the small town of Eaton, which is only a few miles distant. Francis, a young man about to emerge from his teens, was now enjoying his vacation on a trip eastward. George, Francis' senior by eight years, had not long ago settled on a small estate; this morning he had left home and was debating with himself whether to call his ride a business journey or a pleasure trip.

It was a pleasant moon-lit evening. Repos-

ing on a silver-rimmed cloudlet the fair Queen of night with her bright countenance smiled down upon the two travelers. Her mellow rays painted soft, picturesque shadows of the diverse objects along the road-side. A cool breeze fanned the faces of the wheelmen. The road was in very good condition. It is not surprising, then, that our two riders, who had refreshed their spirits by a luncheon in the inn, where they had just rested, were in a most delightful mood. While spinning along at a moderate speed, they were engaged in a spirited discussion debating the merits of their respective bikes. (George, by the way, rode the "Ideal", known as "the best manufactured till today"; while Francis owned a "Superior", which had found "no rival ever since its appearance").

The two bicyclists were pursuing a southeasterly direction; now they noticed a road branching off to their left. This circumstance led to a change of conversation.

"Look here, Francis", said George, who was acquainted with the country, "that road will bring us to Eaton in a perfectly straight line; let's take it."

"Indeed", replied Francis, "all the more willingly since it leads us directly east."

"Why this? Have you a special liking for that direction?"

"Well, I should say I have. Whenever I am riding east I experience a certain inexpressible satisfaction, as if I were going towards home, or some such feeling."

"I find your assertion rather strange," replied the other, "though, I must confess, I know many persons who are possessed of the same notion. Do you think, Francis, that there is really any sound reason why one should feel himself attracted toward one direction more than toward another?"

"I think, I do, George. There are a hundred and one that account for this peculiar attraction to the east. As for myself, I love to imagine that there exists in this direction a strong magnetic pole attracting all human sympathies. But, to answer your question. The first reason which, I believe, causes this peculiar sensation is the fact that our earth revolves in the direction mentioned. We naturally tend to go, as it were, along with it."

"A very beautiful caprice, I admit; but I imagine I have a more substantial reason to affirm that I prefer going west. It would mean to accompany the sun on his daily course."

"Indeed not, my good friend. It would be nothing else but traveling in a direction opposite to the motion of the earth and of very nearly all the heavenly bodies. The very fact of the sun's rising in the east is to me a strong incentive to seek that direction. Whenever I happen to mount my faithful bike at early dawn, I imagine to be speeding into the very embrace of the King of day. And even now does our fair companion, the moon, not seem to beckon us toward her? If, on the contrary, I pursue the opposite direction, I am fleeing the lights of the heavens."

"Well, I see, there's no arguing; you students

are too poetical to be philosophic. But I suppose you're soon at the end of your story?"

"Beg your leave, George," continued the student, "to advance a few more reasons. Have you ever considered that all nations when worshipping their idols or their God, instinctively, as it were, turn toward the Orient? We read already of the ancient Syrians that at sunrise they would turn toward the east and greet the *Holios Theos* with clamors of delight. The Jew, wherever living among unbelievers (as he pleases to style the rest of the world), humbly bows towards the east to address Jehovah, as if still throning in the Holy of Holies in the temple at Jerusalem. The pious Mussulman never addresses his God or thinks of the "great prophet" without directing his eye toward Mecca, his earthly Sion of the Orient. And as for us Christians, do we not prefer when communing with our Savior to face the east, whence He arose, the Eternal Sun, to illumine this earth rapt in darkness?"

"Granted we do, what of it? If were at all particular about directions, I should prefer to look westward when saying my orisons, because our Lord when dying for the sinful world looked in that direction—."

"And did so for the sole purpose of attracting the Occident toward Him."

"Caught again," muttered George, while his companion continued to produce some more of his orientalism.

"Have you ever sung 'Home, Sweet Home,' George?"

“Many a time, but what of that?”

“I can never listen to the melody of this cherished song without feeling a sensation drawing me toward the Orient which is our primeval home. It was there that our common parents lived and loved, walked and worked. From thence their descendants have people the earth. This we should even conjecture from the notion and religious believers or mythological ideas of almost all tribes, notably our Mexican Indians, if we had no other sources whence to arrive at certainty. To draw the boundary line of patriotism a little closer. Who of the millions that to-day revere the Red, White and Blue is not at the same time moved at the mention of *Mein Vaterland*, *Green Erin*, *Belle France*, or some other association drawing his thoughts across the wide Atlantic toward his eastern home? More still; all civilization, all refinement, all learning has originated in the east, and is now gradually moving toward the Occident.”

“Exactly so, and that’s a point for me. Now listen. Your oriental theory leads you straight ways against civilization and learning and refinement, while I, preferring a westward direction, let’s say, am exactly keeping pace with progress and remain in harmony with it. What now?”

“Very good,” rejoined Francis, “but if, for example, you change your ‘straightways against civilization’ into ‘toward civilization’ then I’d be running full speed into her expanded arms, while you ‘exactly keeping pace’ with her would literally be fleeing before her. What d’you think of that?”

“You’re a miserable punster, Francis; but now let me make a last hit. What would you say if I should prefer to go west, because there the mountains unbosom the richest mineral treasures, and Dame Nature is there dressed in her virgin garment? Think of California, of Colorado, of Alaska, of Yellowstone Park, of Pike’s Peak, of Klondyke,—well, in fact, anything!”

“That’s all very charming. But even considering our own country, there still remains a hidden something to draw me eastward. The riches of the west are to me a bulk of dead matter. The sceneries are, indeed, attractive, grand. But is there nothing to equal this in the east? While we may find the west more picturesque, in the east every square foot of surface is made sacred and memorable by the sweat and labor of our forefathers. It is in the east that we discover all the life and strength and energy and commerce and learning of our great nation.—And what for the world, if I may ask, is it that brings you eastward today?”

“Well—let’s see—I really don’t know; mayhap it’s one of your oriental theories unconsciously drawing me,” said George with a merry laugh.

Meanwhile the two young men had ridden into Eaton. They unmounted and entered the inn before them.

The next day George returned on a western course, because that small estate of his attracted him in that direction. Francis, on the other hand, continued his trip eastward. He had no estate to care for, but his imagination made him the happy proprietor of all that his eyes could reach. While

musings over his late conversation, a well-known scripture text entered his mind, according to which he considered himself a happy wedding guest, while his companion of yesterday seemed to him offering an excuse, because he had "bought five yoke of oxen and must go to try them."

DIDACUS A. BRACKMANN, '98.

PARTY SPIRIT.

Sociability is one of the characteristic qualities of man's nature, for the gregarious instincts of animals, as manifested in the herd or hive, are so very much inferior that they cannot be compared with man's ennobling attribute. It is a quality which is most attractive itself and discloses many other amiable traits of man's nature. God endows all his children with it, for even the savage is not without social tendencies; but like every other property of man it is capable of cultivation; indeed it is almost worthless without it. Man has fostered sociability with more care and with greater success than any other of his natural gifts.

A degeneration more than a perfection or application of sociability is party spirit, though this manifests itself most strikingly when social life is at its highest. The existence of parties is a necessity engendered by the weakness and imperfections of man, who needs the co-operation of his fellow-men in the accomplishment of any difficult and important work. This assistance may serve as guidance, moral encouragement, and actual

help. That men recognized this need at all times, history abundantly testifies. Parties have always existed, and party-spirit with them; but not until the latter half of the Middle Ages do we find them in all branches of human activity. The presence of parties is, in fact, a sign of unusual energy and earnestness in the pursuit of an object.

The evils of party-spirit have never become more strikingly manifest than in the treacherous and heartless proceedings of the Guelphs and Ghibellines in Italy during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The spirit as well as the outcroppings of these two important political parties or factions should be studied, for in our time the dangers of party-spirit are not remote, because organizations have multiplied. They manifest themselves in every walk of life, and their interests clash on every side. One might describe the influence of societies on the life of a people with much profit, though not without difficulty. Nor is it easy to point out the peculiarities of the spirit animating parties in general; for party-spirit is not always apparent, though it is the hidden cause and main-spring of actions which confront us every day.

Party-spirit is apt to engender bigotry, self-delusion, and personal aversion against members of a rival organization. These may not be of a virulent nature, and often their existence is not suspected even by the man who harbors them. The enthusiasm with which one serves the interests of one's party blinds a person with regard to the justice and legality of the means employed.

One is under the impression of promoting the general good or some lofty aim, while actually seeking merely personal advantages. Parties whose aim is not at all a noble one, but subversive of the welfare of the community or of individual happiness, naturally evince a spirit so evidently pernicious that it is unnecessary to discuss it. But even the spirit of parties whose existence is a blessing to the community is not without its dangers, because it easily enters into dealings of individual members with their fellow-men. Any one observing the manner of intercourse among men must admit that party-spirit influences it to a great extent. Not only do members of societies keep their commercial intercourse as much as possible among themselves to the exclusion of outsiders, though these be more deserving and needful of their patronage than party members, but they not unfrequently deny them social rights and privileges. This is manifestly doing an injustice to people whom conscience, state of health, or some other cause, may prevent from joining, and it is want of charity in almost every instance.

Not unfrequently are parties the cause of bigotry, because the attachment of party-members to party-views and policies is in numerous cases a blind one, which prevents an examination of the opinions and rights of neutral or opposing organizations. Notice the utter want of charity and politeness in the discussions and transactions of rival parties. Calumny is evidently considered lawful. But it is no more lawful with parties than with individuals, because the cause of the

society is exposed to injury and the members suffer from the effects either directly or indirectly, and outsiders are led into error.

Party-prejudice permeates all classes of men. Animosities are excited in a hundred ways, and if the party is not a very pure and noble one, it will seek the assistance of the human passions in the furtherance of its ends. The history of parties bears out this assertion. Prejudice of party is an evil which should be most assiduously combated; no opportunity should be allowed to pass where one may warn against it.

Several of the sciences, notably those of sociology, and politics, are studied under the guidance of party-views, wrongly called principles, and the results of these are exceedingly harmful. It prevents an original mode of thought and investigation, and produces blind followers of a system or creed instead of mentally healthful, strong and independent men. One's circle of vision becomes circumscribed, being bounded by the party horizon. Party-spirit is antagonistic to individualism and checks it unduly. Many creeds and systems, utterly foolish, even now prolong their existence through these very means. With the exception of societies for the promotion of a certain branch of knowledge, party-spirit is as derogatory to the development of the mental faculties as trusts and corporations sufficiently large to exclude competition are hurtful to individual and national prosperity. Members of a party have sometimes only relative opinions and are supporting principles and policies which are only ostensibly in accord with

individual views. Many are not even aware of the true nature of the policy advocated by their party. I would ask: How compares the number of those that join a society from conviction that the principles advocated are true, to the multitude of those whose affiliation with a party is due to other causes? It is impossible to discuss the utility and the righteousness of the cause of the various parties, but history teaches that party extremes are seldom the cause of the public.

Along with the pernicious effects of organizations, we must note the great results achieved by party agitation and exertion. Party-spirit inspires confidence and enthusiasm and calls forth an emulating activity and a vigorous and harmonious course of action. Efforts toward unity and harmony even if only accomplished with a part of mankind are a move toward identity of opinion and universal peace. They can only be partially obtained among men and are often productive of the opposite results, but are not to be depreciated on that account. The consciousness that one is not alone and single-handed in the execution of a project always inspires confidence, in the vicious as well as in the virtuous. It infuses enthusiasm when one knows that the good cause one is propagating, is supported by thousands of men. Popular opinion sanctions one's individual views and this is even morally a strong support.

The limits of the human mind make it impossible for man to possess maturity of judgment with regard to all questions that loom up before his vision and demand the expression of his mind.

But knowing the policy of the party regarding these or relative questions to be in accord with justice and commonsense, he reposes confidence in this party whose standard of integrity and public esteem together with the fear of losing the fruit of immense exertions and of witnessing its downfall renders it a more trustworthy organ of truth and justice than the expression of an equal number of men made individually and independently. The independent voters that have of late made the issue of national and municipal elections very uncertain do with much reason command but little respect for their opinions.

The public life of a people needs the animation of parties. A people without parties is either unable or unwilling to assert its mind and will on questions of vital concern to individual and national well-being. Though diversity of interests were not to necessitate the formation of more than one party, a second one would have reason to exist for the sole purpose of watching the doings of the other party; lest the one in power should abuse it without being noticed and punished for corruption. This is chiefly the case with political parties, but it applies in some degree to all associations.

A good cause requires the aid of a party as much as a bad one. A bad cause under cover of a large and powerful party succeeds in disguising its viciousness in the same degree as a good cause recommends itself through the intelligence and authority of the number of its adherents. The spirit of a good and bad party is as opposite as

their ends. The spirit of a party with illicit aims is one of secrecy and distrust; but it pursues its object with great tenacity. The dealings of a society with honorable and noble aims are characterized by frankness and sincerity and it accomplishes its purpose through an enthusiasm and a devotedness that is forgetful of private interest.

Adherents of a party are more sensibly conscious of the responsibility that is resting upon them than individuals, because their words and actions reflect on their party. This sense of responsibility exercises a very strong and wholesome influence. Parties likewise cultivate a spirit of consistency, which follows a policy once determined upon and respects the principle that called for a course of action. Individual efforts are usually spasmodic, they are abandoned when opposed by a resisting force.

The conclusion drawn from these reflections is not at all unfavorable to the subject under discussion. It is but natural that party-spirit exists among men; very often it is even necessary that it should exist. Party-spirit is productive of many good results to the individual and to the community; but it is very odious and dangerous if not purged of all uncharitable and ignoble features.

A. F. WEYMAN, '97.

A DAY-DREAMER.

“Oh! might my ill-past hours return again!
No more, as then, should Sloth around me throw
Her soul-enslaving, leaden chain!
No more the precious time would I employ
In giddy revels, or in thoughtless joy,
A present joy producing future woe.

But o'er the midnight Lamp I'd love to pore,
I'd seek with care fair Learning's depths to sound,
And gather scientific Lore:
Or to mature the embryo thoughts inclin'd,
That half-conceiv'd lay struggling in my mind,
The cloisters' solitary gloom I'd round.”

The author of these reflective verses tells us that he was in his youth a “playless day dreamer;” but well has it been said of what he did accomplish in this world and transmit by his writings that “the after-glow of his life is still in the sky.”

To indulge in bliss-inspiring retrospection by leaving the imagination collect and combine fragmentary reminiscences of by-gone pleasures, as well as to permit it to skip and peer into the future as the purveyor of intellectual enjoyments, is common to all men. It is the legitimate exercise of a faculty given to man for that purpose. If a student could not recall the incidents of a football or baseball game and form all probable possibilities and possible probabilities, if he could not duplicate a victory on the campus in the kinetoscope of his mind, his enjoyment of the game would be too fleeting to deserve the name. Everyone has experienced, too, the delight of

pleasure in anticipation.

The grim work-a-day realities of life, however, allow us only sparingly the use of this faculty in pleasurable recreation. But here lies the danger of mental dissipation. Youth is prone to leaving the imagination work instead of reason, not heeding the words of the poet:

“Parce quer stimulis, et fortius utere loris.”

As Romance is the native and therefore congenial realms of Fancy, this faculty is constantly bent on roaming there; hence the morbid craving for novel-reading.

This mental proclivity begets also habits of indolence which entails upon the unsuspecting moral and intellectual impotency for the exercise of methodical and systematical labor. He becomes a day-dreamer, reveling in ideal happiness. His favorite study is to sip the sweets of literature. He is ever planning and imagining great things, when he is awakened by stern reality to find himself duped by an enemy within himself, who was at first his most intimate friend.

*“Tis vain to wish, for time has ta'en his flight—
For follies past be ceas'd the fruitless tears:*

Let Follies past to future care incite.

Averse maturer judgements to obey

*Youth owns, with pleasure owns, the Passions' sway,
But sage Experience only comes with years!*

VIGILIUS H. KROLL, '98.

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EDITORIAL.

The staff of '97-98 esteem themselves fortunate in being able to present their first issue of THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN attired in a new garb. Trusting that it is acceptable to our friends and patrons, we wish to assure them that we will leave nothing undone to make the contents likewise worthy of their praise. Under each succeeding

staff our journal has attained a higher standard of worth and literary merit, and the present editors are determined to at least keep up the former rate of progress. Our paper will continue to be an index to the work accomplished at St. Joseph's. While it is true that only the literary abilities of the students can be fully shown, their attainments in other branches are also reflected. Though we are but young men who have not yet acquired maturity of judgment, we shall not hesitate to express an opinion on things that come within our sphere; nor will we object to a correction if given with good reason and with a good will. We wish not to be pretentious, however. Our journal has not become a magazine in the present sense of the term, nor do we desire to be ranked with them. It has remained the literary journal of St. Joseph's College and will continue to perform its office as heretofore.

With the beginning of school we are resolved, no doubt, not to be wanting in diligence, but there may be one or the other who omitted to call to mind the fact that he must beware of desultory work. Yet this second resolution is as important as the first. Without diligence a student does not deserve to remain at school, and without a systematic, accurate, and painstaking work a student does not merit to be called such. Commercial students should, of course, pay special attention to nicety and methods in their accounts, but this rule concerns the classicals and normals as well. A slovenly written composition or exercise betrays

the fact that the other class-work is of the same kind. The dangers of desultory reading are greater to a student than to an ordinary young man. Not only does the student waste the few precious hours that may be spent in reading choice works of literature, but such reading will take away the pleasure of study and may even instill a positive dislike for hard and systematic work. A student must not read a book for the sake of the sensations it imparts; he must learn to wrestle with it, trying to comprehend its purpose and to grow alive to the beauties of thought and diction. Nor should he fail to make copious notes; a work that contains nothing worthy to be noted down deserves not to be read by a student.

It is an opinion commonly expressed that a journal edited by the students of an institution is an index to the work accomplished by the Faculty. While this is true in nine cases out of ten, it must be borne in mind that only the general worth and spirit of the students' paper is an exponent of their own abilities and of the work done by the Faculty. It certainly savors of malice, if, on account of one expression, not at all wrong or false in itself, but inaptly used by a student in an article, one belittles the work of the Faculty by insinuations to that effect.

This is precisely what THE CHURCH PROGRESS did. The writer of the article "Religion and the Arts" which appeared in the June number of the COLLEGIAN used the expression: "What Palestrina did for the Catholic Religion the Bachs

accomplished later on for the Protestant Church.” I am inclined to believe that the editorial writer of THE CHURCH PROGRESS quoted the sublime words of Shelley: “I wield the flail with the lashing hail” when, conscious of the great power and worth of newspaper criticism, he denounced the author of the above assertion as a “fool student” and as “a young man who can’t even count.”

The term “church” may rightly be applied to an organization of Christian believers, for the word “ecclesia” which means a congregation, a gathering, has the same significance as the English word “church” or the German “Kirche.” German Catholic authors would certainly not accord a name to heretics which they do not deserve; but we find the term “church” given to them in a most excellent catechism, Church History, and in other excellent Catholic publications. In the sentence in question the term “Protestantism” would have been preferable to “Protestant Church,” but none except the malicious will say that it was not a very pardonable mistake, the more so since reference was evidently had to the Protestant Church of Germany. We are pleased to note that in a later issue the St. Louis paper indirectly admitted that the term “church” may be applied to a sect; but this does not affect the former abusive utterance. Students can learn a great many things from good newspapers, but the art of criticism can not be acquired from them. We are quite willing to acknowledge that the relation of a college journal to a good Catholic newspaper is that of a small boy to a grown up young man, and for

this reason we should be as much pleased with a correction from THE CHURCH PROGRESS as we were some time ago with a highly complimentary notice from the same paper; but we wish to protest when the "correction" is after the manner of a big boy venting his spite on a younger brother.

THE COLLEGE FACULTY.

Although the staff of professors has suffered some changes since the first opening of the college, it has, in the main, always remained the same. This is, doubtless, of paramount importance in an educational institution, especially in its first years.

This year all the professors returned, except Father Alphonse, now editor of the CRUSADER, who has been replaced as prefect of discipline by Father Edward, who is filling the office with firm yet gentle sway. Father Rector has, besides the many arduous duties of his office, his quota of classes. Father Benedict's principal classes are the French and Latin poets. Father Eugene's, Greek and German. Father Clement's, Music and Mathematics. Father Chrysostom's, History and the Languages. Father Maximilian's, Poetry and English Literature. Father Mark has charge of the Normal Course, and Father Bonaventure of the Minim Department. Fathers Justin and Fridolin, recently ordained by Bishop Rade-macher in the cathedral of Fort Wayne, have joined the rank of educators in the various de-

partments with much enthusiasm, and success will, no doubt attend their efforts. Besides the above Fathers C. PP. S., four scholastics C. PP. S., graduates of last year, assist as prefects and teachers in the lower classes.

EXCHANGES.

The final issue of the 96-97 Dial is what unconventional youth might style a "hot number." The lazy lusciousness of loafing is herein portrayed with some humor and much satire. So delightfully is the picture drawn that one is tempted to forego giving the prime of youth to the prosy pursuits of industry in favor of a life similar to that of the juvenile Rip Van Winkle of the story. In case you should yield to this commendable impulse, give your days and nights to the "Pleasure of Loafing," for it is a veritable treasure to those lazily inclined. If, on the contrary, you prefer with the bulk of foolish humanity to improve yourself, a few words for your benefit are kindly tacked on at the end of the homily. Mr. Waddell's "The Moon" is of unusually fine workmanship. The feature of the verse is the imaginative quality which is of a very high order.

The captious headings and general airiness of the St. James Journal for June make that number very readable. This cheery vein does not, however, exclude topics of a serious nature from its columns, as witness the strong article on Emerson

and his quondam pose as an essayist. After modestly broaching the lines on which the article is to be developed, the writer writes entertainingly and somewhat dogmatically of the brilliant American. She finds his essays lacking in enduring thought, also in the right connection of what thought he has, and, naturally enough, that they do not admit of synopsis.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY. By Cardinal Wiseman. Benziger Bros., New York and Cincinnati. Price 25 cts.

This is a new edition of this popular tale, which is as beautiful as it is instructive. The language is classically elegant and the incidents of the story are apt to set aglow the child's fancy. It is not too learned but thought-provoking to young readers, an incentive to highmindedness and nobility and purity of thought and action.

MY STRANGE FRIEND. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Bros. Price 30 cts.

A short but suggestive story which contains a warning against scoffing and the accompanying sin of pride. The author evidently knows that the youth of to-day must be warned against both these vices and he does it most solemnly by describing the fate of a young man who has been guilty of these sins. The short Christmas story

is most happily conceived and expressed. This little book which is handsomely bound is a fit present to young folks generally and to college boys in particular.

SOCIETIES.

C. L. S.—At their first regular meeting held Sept. 27, the Columbians elected the following staff of officers:

President	-	-	-	Didacus Brackmann.
Vice President	-	-	-	Vigilius Kroll.
Secretary	-	-	-	John P. Burke.
Treasurer	-	-	-	Frank Kuenle.
Critic	-	-	-	Thomas Travers.
Editor	-	-	-	Eulogius Dininger.
Marshal	-	-	-	Edmund Ley.
Executive Committee:	-	-	-	Vincent Muinch.
John Boeke, and John Steinbrunner.				

MILITARY.—Following are the officers of the St. Joseph's College Battalion for the ensuing year:

Major	-	-	-	Frank J. Kuenle.
Adjutant	-	-	-	Thomas P. Travers.
Capt. of Co. A	-	-	-	William Hordemann.
I. Lieutenant	-	-	-	Henry Reichert.
II. Lieutenant	-	-	-	John Boeke.
I. Sergeant	-	-	-	Henry Kalvelage.
II. Sergeant	-	-	-	William Arnold.
Capt. of Co. B	-	-	-	Felix Seroczynski.
I. Lieutenant	-	-	-	John Steinbrunner.
II. Lieutenant	-	-	-	John Reifers.
I. Sergeant	-	-	-	William Laibe.
II. Sergeant	-	-	-	Charles Rohrkemper.

ALOYSIAN.—The recent election resulted as follows:

President	-	-	-	-	Charles Frey,
Vice President	-	-	-	-	William Laibe,
Secretary	-	-	-	-	Thomas Thienes,
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	Edward Kiely,
Librarian and Editor	-	-	-	-	Eugene Schweitzer,
Marshal	-	-	-	-	Henry Kalvelage,
Executive Committee:	John Wessel, Robert Peele, and Joseph Keilmann.				

The new members admitted are John Sieren, Charles Fralich, Leo Marantette, Joseph Gartner, Luke Rausch, Leo Walther, Charles Rock, Otto Holtschneider, Charles Stritt, Frank Theobald, Charles Hemsteger, and Aloysius Junk.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

As the monthly examinations for September have not yet been held, the regular Honorary Mention, or percentage column for good conduct and proficiency, as announced in the college catalogue, does not appear in this number; but it will be hereafter a regular feature in THE COLLEGIAN.

Owing to the large number of graduates that did not return to college, and to the very notable increase of new-comers, the physiognomy of the student body this year is almost entirely strange, but bright and friendly for all that. One is strongly reminded of the words of the poet:

"Could I behold with undelighted heart,
So many happy youths, so wide and fair
A congregation in its budding-time
Of health and hope and beauty, all at once
So many divers samples from the growth
Of life's sweet season?"

The west-side campus again assumes its picturesque appearance on free afternoons. The Blue and Gray dressing the chalk-lined stage in comic and tragic performances. The motley vociferating crowd on the right, with Morris and Meighan as end-men. The numerous little knots on the left dozing dreamily in the languid sun, aroused only when "Willie" and "Socks" sour each other's stomachs with words of taffy and then belch forth in hostile eructations. But the Major is no longer seen "lefting" it toward the river; nor the poet with his humorous companion roaming over the distant meadows; nor last year's staff of editors plying their rackets on the outskirts of the classic shades, and expressing their admiration and disapproval of a play in "Ah, well! Mr." — and "Well, well, Mr." —. "*Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.*"

Our Rev. Master of Discipline, Father Edward, possesses a graphophone, which he puts into operation on free afternoons to the great amusement of the boys.

"Battle Ax Joe" is gone; but we are occasionally reminded of the halcyon days of his rule by seeing smoke arise from the ruins of last year's memorable fort.

Johnny gave a watermelon luncheon a few nights ago; and it is said that his sixteenth birthday was the cause of his hospitality. Everybody, of course, voted it a sweet sixteen—until the next morning. Many more returns, Johnny!

The interior work of the new building for the minims is rapidly approaching its completion.

About the middle of October our young friends will be enabled to live in the new residence and start up a little republic of their own. The new handsome structure is being fitted out with greater accommodations than the main building, and the fellows in knickerbockers are looking forward with delight to the occupation of their new home.

Our prospects this year for fun are good; but let us have better organized sport, boys. Organization will bind us together, give us unity of strength and purpose, and inspire us with life-giving energy.

At their first regular meeting the Smoking Club elected Major Kuenle president to succeed "Curly," whose biography will appear in installments in subsequent numbers of the COLLEGIAN for the purpose of replacing trashy Klondike literature that is being scattered broadcast over our fair land.

The COLLEGIAN having at first been printed at Chicago, then at Rensselaer, is now settled at home. The present number is the first printed at the Collegeville plant, which was established at the St. Joseph's Indian School Building in May, '97. Besides the COLLEGIAN, three other publications are at present edited and printed there; the MESSENGER, BOTSCHAFTER, and THE LITTLE CRUSADER. The MESSENGER and BOTSCHAFTER are monthlies published by the Spiritual Benevolent Fraternity. During Rev. A. Gietl's editorship the number of the subscribers has increased by several thousands. THE LITTLE CRUSADER, an excellent Sunday-School paper, is published by Rev. A. Grussi, C. PP. S.